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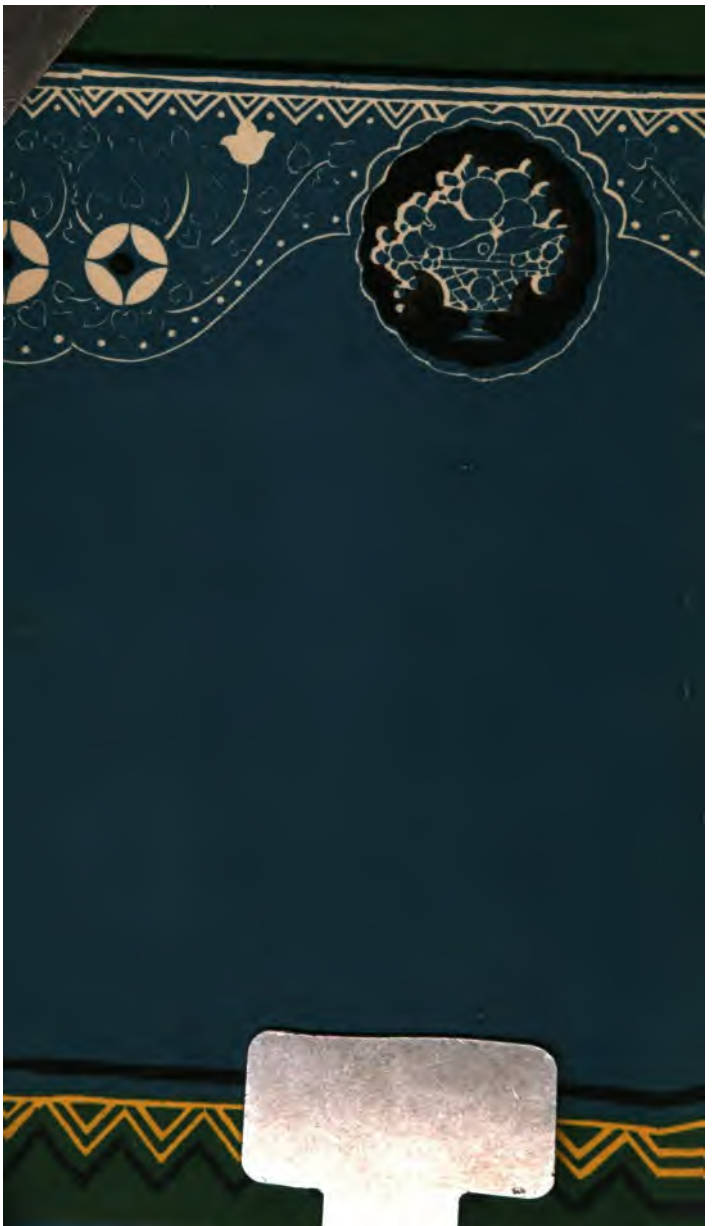
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1. Mothers - Poetry
2. Poetry, American



FOR MY MOTHER

By
WILBUR D.
NESBIT

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NEW YORK—LONDON

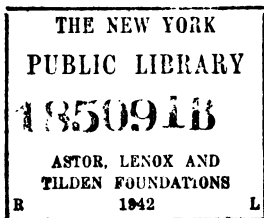
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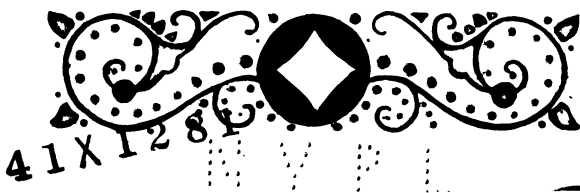




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I would ask a song to sing,
Of enchanting sweep
and swing,
For my Mother ~
Gentle strains, all soft
and low,
Throbbing as they come
and go,
All my steady faith to show,
For my Mother. . . .



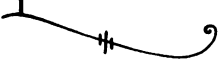
1945

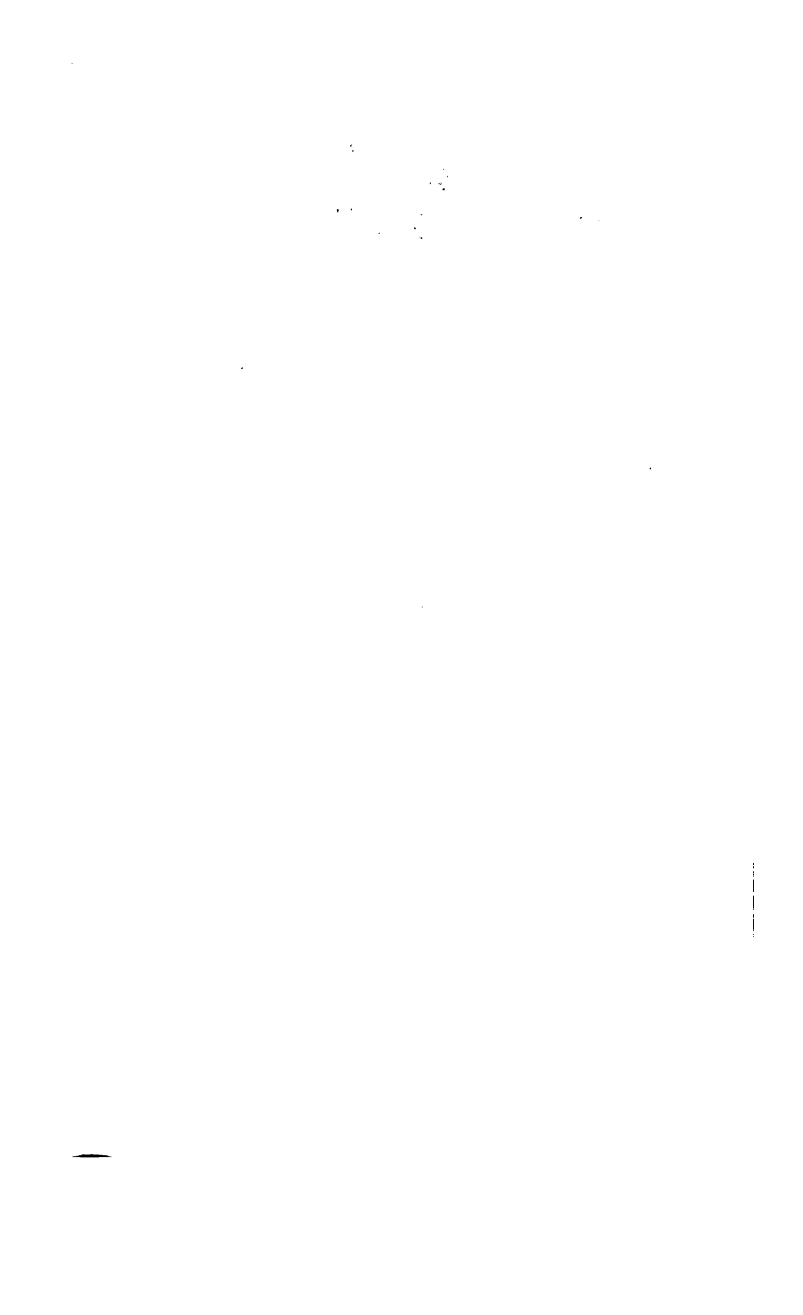


1978

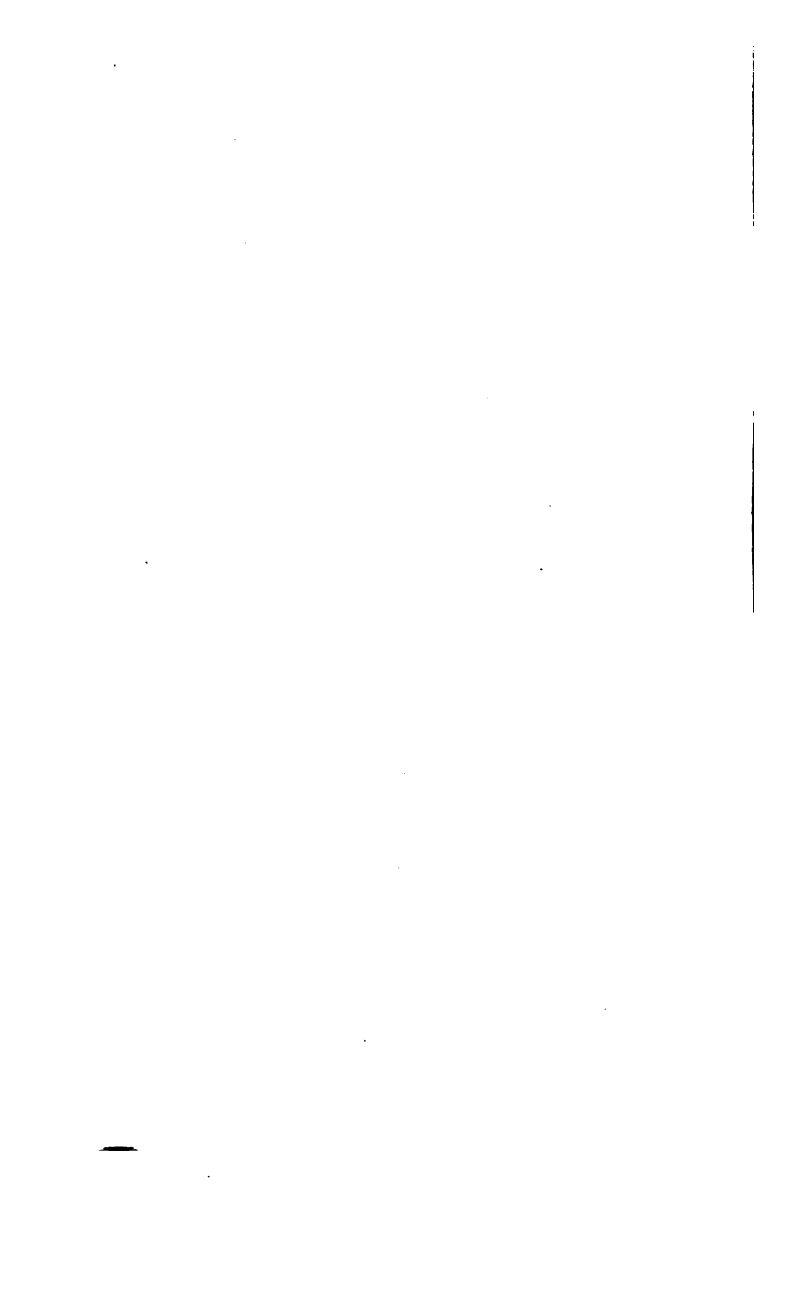


What choice blessing
can I ask?
Being happy is no task
For my Mother . . .
Ending sorrow with
a smile,
Knowing how peace to
beguile,
Helping others all the while,
Is my Mother

A decorative flourish consisting of a long, thin, curved line that starts under the end of the text, loops back, and ends with a small hook and a vertical tick mark.










I would have the way
made fair
With no shadow of
a care
For my Mother;
Of God's store of happiness,
All that's made to cheer
and bless
More than anyone can guess.
For my Mother . . .



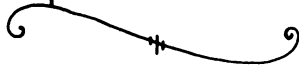


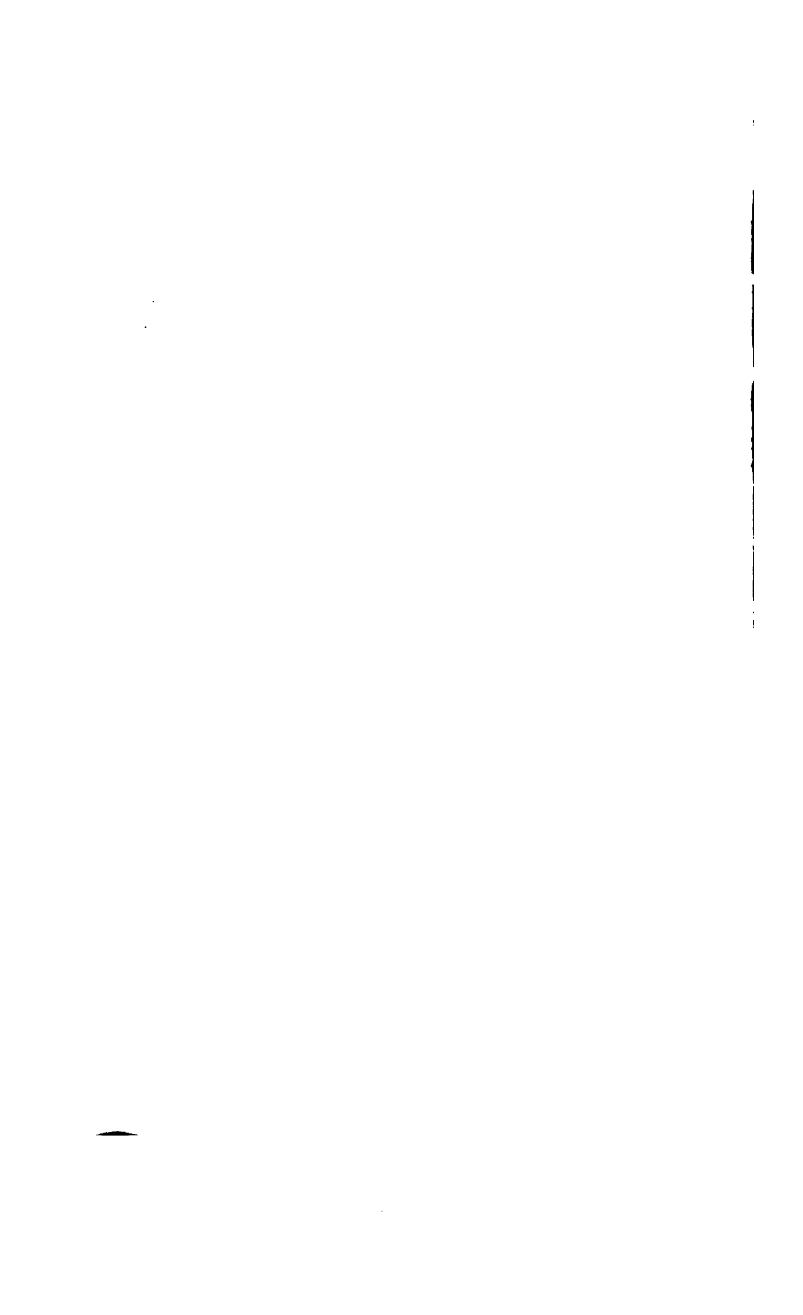


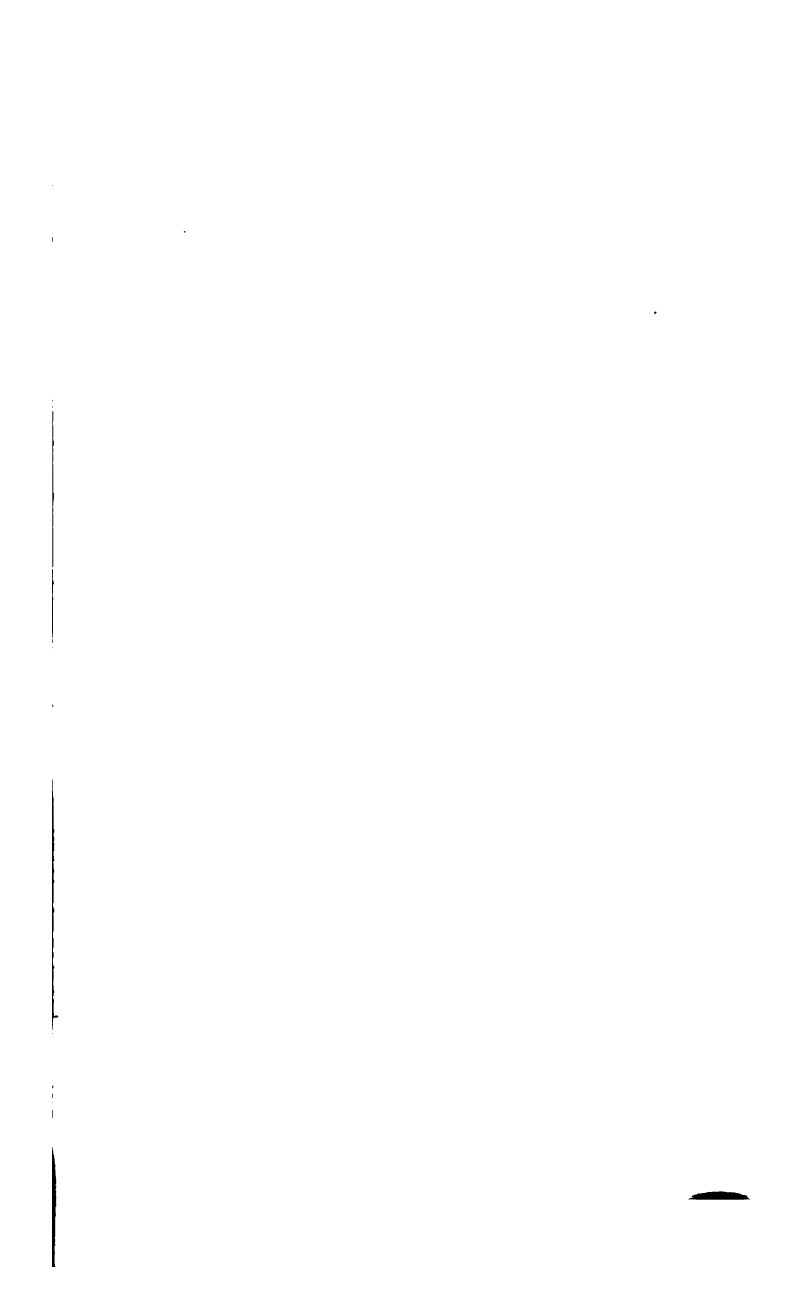
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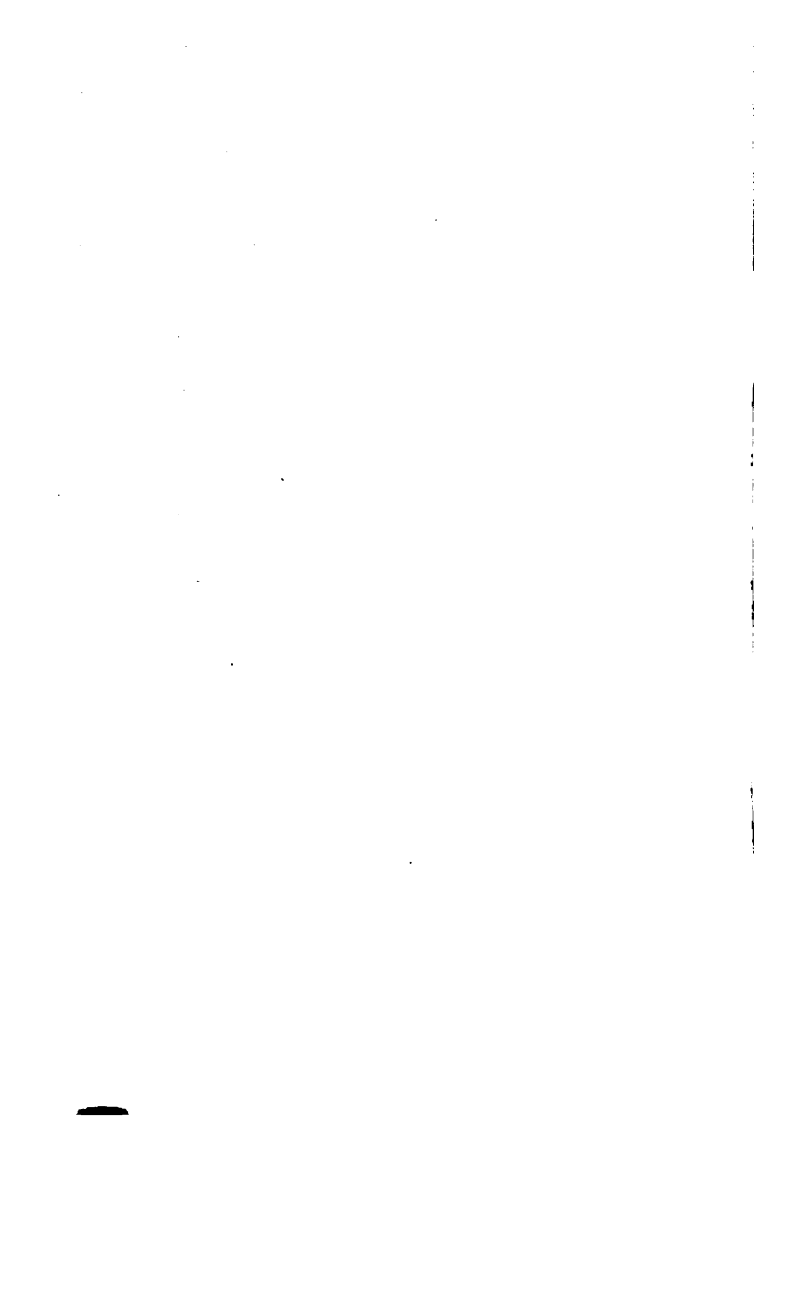


I would have the rarest
blossoms,
Dewy, heavy with perfumes,
For my Mother ;
Blossom~spangled fields
outspread,
So that where her pathway led
Flowers should their
treasures shed
For my Mother. . . .











Give me skies of
sunniest blue,
Give me every thought
that's true
For my Mother
Aye, the fairest
skies above
And the very deepest love
All that joy is fashioned of
For my Mother. . . .



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1875

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